Koviloor Acadamy

THE "A.L."

No. 34.
(Seventh Edition.)

BRIGHT STORY READERS.

Imso 571

Grade III.

EYES AND NO EYES,

AND

OTHER TALES

From "EVENINGS AT HOME,"

By Dr. AIKIN and Mrs. BARBAULD.

Prepared by C. A. MILFORD.

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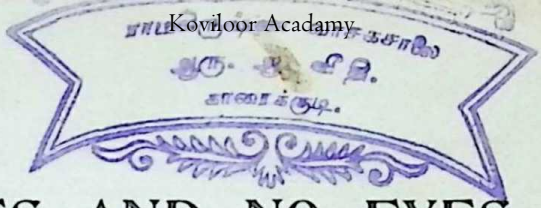


EYES AND NO EYES.

"WELL, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon?" said Mr. Andrews to one of his pupils at the end of a half-holiday.

R. "I have been, sir, to Broom-heath, then round by the windmill upon Camp-mount, and home through the meadows by the river side."

2. *Mr. A.* "Well, that's a pleasant round."

3. *R.* "I thought it very dull, sir; I scarcely met a single person. I had rather by half have gone along the turnpike-road."

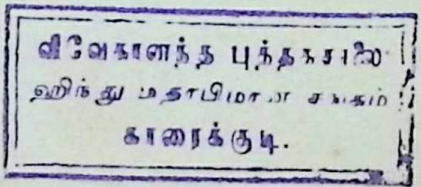
Mr. A. "Why, if seeing men and horses were your object, you would indeed have been better pleased on the high-road. But did you see William?"

4. *R.* "We set out together, but he lagged behind in the lane, so I walked on and left him."

Mr. A. "That was a pity. He would have been company for you."

5. *R.* "Oh, he is so slow, always stopping to look at this thing and that! I had rather walk alone. I dare say he has not got home yet."

Mr. A. "Here he comes. Well, William, where have you been?"



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6. *W.* "Oh, sir, the pleasantest walk! I went all over Broom-heath, then up to the mill at the top of the hill, and back again down among the green meadows by the side of the river."

Mr. A. "Why, that is just the round Robert has been taking. But he says it was dull, and he would rather have gone by the high-road."

7. *W.* "I wonder at that. I am sure I hardly took a step that did not delight me; and I have brought home my handkerchief full of curious things."

Mr. A. "Suppose, then, you give us an account of what amused you so much. I fancy it will be as new to Robert as to me."

8. *W.* "I will, sir. The lane leading to the heath, you know, is close and sandy. I did not mind it much, but made the best of my way. However, I spied a very curious thing in the hedge. It was an old crab-tree, out of which grew a great bunch of something green, quite different from the tree itself. Here is a branch of it."

9. *Mr. A.* "Ah! this is mistletoe, a plant of great fame. In olden times the Druids or priests amongst the ancient Britons made use of it in their religious services. To them it was a kind of holy plant. It bears a very slimy, white berry, of which birdlime may be made. It is one of

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those plants which do not grow in the ground by a root of their own, but fix themselves upon other plants; it is a hanger-on, and depends for its life upon the tree on which it is growing."

10. *W.* "A little further on, I saw a green woodpecker fly to a tree, and run up the trunk like a cat."

Mr. A. "That was to seek for insects, in the bark, on which it lives. Woodpeckers bore holes with their strong bills for that purpose, and do much damage to the trees by it."

W. "What beautiful birds they are!"

11. *Mr. A.* "Yes; the woodpecker has been called, from its colour and size, the English parrot.

12. *W.* "When I got upon the open heath, how charming it was! The air seemed so fresh, and the view so fine, stretching for miles on every side! The earth was covered with gay flowers, many of which I had never seen before. There were, at least, three kinds of heath (I have got them in my handkerchief here), and gorse, and broom, and bell-flower, and many others of all colours. I shall be so pleased if you will tell me the names of them."

13. *Mr. A.* "That I will, with pleasure."

W. "I saw, too, several birds that were new to me. There was a pretty, greyish one, about

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the size of a lark, that was hopping among some great stones; and when he flew he showed a great deal of white about his tail."

14. *Mr. A.* "That was a wheat-ear. They are said to be very good birds to eat. They live upon the open downs, in Sussex and some other counties, in great numbers."

W. "There was a flock of lapwings upon a marshy part of the Heath that amused me much. As I came near them, some of them kept flying round and round, just over my head, and crying 'pewet,' so distinctly, one might almost fancy they spoke. I thought I should have caught one of them, for he flew as though one of his wings was broken, and often tumbled close to the ground; but as I came near, he always made a shift to get away."

15. *Mr. A.* "Ha, ha! you were finely taken in then! This was all a trick of the bird's to lead you away from its nest; for they build upon the bare ground, and their nests can easily be seen. They therefore draw the attention of strangers by their loud cries, and by acting lameness."

16. *W.* "I wish I had known that, for he led me a long chase, often over-shoes in water. However, it was the cause of my falling in with an old man and a boy, who were cutting and

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piling up turf for fuel. I had a good deal of talk with them about the manner of preparing the turf, and the price it sells at. They gave me, too, a creature I never saw before—a young viper, which they had just killed, together with its mother. I have seen several common snakes, but this is thicker in proportion, and of a darker colour than they are."

17. *Mr. A.* "True. Vipers are often found in turfy, boggy grounds; and I have known several turf-cutters bitten by them."

W. "Their bites are very poisonous, are they not?"

Mr. A. "Enough so to make their wounds painful and dangerous, though they seldom prove fatal."

W. "I then took my course up to the windmill, on the mount. I climbed up the steps of the mill, in order to get a better view of the country around. What an extent of country I could see! I counted fifteen church-steeples; and I saw several gentlemen's houses peeping out from the midst of green woods and plantations; and I could trace the windings of the river all along the low grounds, till it was lost behind a ridge of hills. But I'll tell you what I mean to do, sir, if you will give me leave."

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18. *Mr. A.* "What is that?"

W. "I will go again, and take with me the county map; then I shall perhaps be able to make out most of the places."

Mr. A. "You shall have it, and I will go with you, and take my pocket spying-glass."

19. *W.* "I shall be very glad of that. Well, the thought struck me, that, as the hill is called Camp-mount, there might be some remains of ditches and mounds, with which, I have read, the camps were surrounded. And I really believe I found something of that sort running round one side of the hill."

20. *Mr. A.* "Very likely you might. I know it is said that such remains exist there. Some say they are Roman, others Danish. We will examine them further when we go."

21. *W.* "From the hill, I went straight down to the meadows below, and walked by the side of a brook that runs into the river. The bank was overgrown with reeds and flags, and tall flowering plants, quite different from those I had seen on the heath. As I was getting down the bank, to reach one of them, I heard something plunge into the water near me. It was a large water-rat, and I saw it swim over to the other side, and go into its hole. There were a great

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many large dragon-flies all about the stream. I caught one of the finest, and have got him here in a leaf. But how I longed to catch a bird that I saw flying above the water, and that every now and then darted down into it! It was all over a mixture of the most beautiful green and blue, with some orange-colour. It was rather smaller than a thrush, and had a large head and bill, and a short tail."

22. *Mr. A.* "I can tell you what that was—a kingfisher—a famous bird about which many tales are told. It lives on fish, which it catches in the manner you saw. It builds in holes in the banks, and is a shy bird, never to be seen far from the stream where it lives."

23. *W.* "I must try to get another sight of him, for I never saw a bird that pleased me so much. Well, I followed this little brook till it entered the river, and then took the path that runs along the bank. On the opposite side, I saw several little birds running along the shore, and making a piping noise. They were brown and white, and about as big as a snipe."

24. *Mr. A.* "I suppose they were sand-pipers. Like many other birds, they get their living by wading among the shallows, and picking up worms and insects."

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W. "There were a great many swallows, too, sporting upon the surface of the water, and I watched them with pleasure for a long time. Sometimes they dashed into the stream; sometime they darted after one another so quickly that the eye could scarcely follow them. In one place, where a high, steep sand-bank rose above the river, I saw many of them go in and out of holes, with which the bank was bored full."

25. *Mr. A.* "Those were sand-martins, the smallest of our swallows. They are of a mouse-colour above, and white beneath. They make their nests and bring up their young in these holes, which run a great depth, and are so placed as to be quite safe."

W. "A little further I saw a man in a boat, who was catching eels in an odd way. He had a long pole, with broad iron prongs at the end, just like a fork, only there were five prongs. This he pushed straight down among the mud, in the deepest parts of the river, and brought up the eels sticking between the prongs."

26. *Mr. A.* "I have seen this method. It is called spearing for eels."

W. "While I was looking at him, a heron came flying over my head, with his large flap-ping wings. He alighted at the next turn of the river,

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and I crept softly behind the bank to watch him. He had waded into the water as far as his long legs would carry him, and was standing with his neck drawn in, looking into the stream. Presently, he darted his long bill, quick as lightning, into the water, and drew out a fish, which he swallowed. I saw him catch another in the same manner. He then took alarm at some noise I made, and flew away slowly to a wood at some distance, where he settled."

27. *Mr. A.* "Probably his nest was there, for herons build upon the highest trees they can find, and sometimes many of them together, like rooks. Formerly, gentlemen kept these birds in 'heronries,' and used them in the sport called 'hawking.' They were thought very highly of, but there are few remaining now."

W. "I think they are the largest wild birds I have seen."

28. *Mr. A.* "They are of great length and spread of wing, but their bodies are small in proportion."

W. "I then turned homeward, across the meadows, where I stopped awhile to look at a large flock of starlings, which kept flying about at no great distance. I could not tell at first what to make of them; for they rose altogether from the

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ground as thick as a swarm of bees, and formed themselves into a sort of black cloud over the field. After taking a short round, they settled again, and by and by rose once more in the same manner. I daresay there were hundreds of them."

29. *Mr. A.* "Perhaps so; for in the fen countries their flocks are so numerous as to break down whole acres of reeds by settling on them. Their flight, in close swarms, is very curious. A great writer, who lived many hundreds of years ago, said that the foe fled from one of his heroes like a cloud of starlings flying in fear from a hawk."

30. *W.* "After I had left the meadows, I crossed the cornfields on the way to our house, and passed close by a deep marl-pit. Looking into it, I saw in one of the sides a cluster of what I took to be shells; and upon going down, I picked up a clod of marl, which was quite full of them; but how sea shells could get there I cannot imagine."

31. *Mr. A.* "I do not wonder at your surprise, since many wise men have been much puzzled by the same thing. It is not uncommon to find great numbers of shells, and the remains of sea animals, even in high mountains, very far away from the ocean. They are certainly proofs that the earth was once very different from what it

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is at present; but in what manner, and how long ago these changes took place, can only be guessed at."

32. *W.* "I got to the high field next to our house just as the sun was setting, and I stood looking at it till it was quite lost. What a glorious sight! The clouds were purple and crimson, with yellow of all shades and hues, and the clear sky varied from blue to a fine green at the horizon. But how large the sun appears just as it sets! I think it seems twice as big as when it is overhead."

33. *Mr. A.* "So it does; and you may have noticed that the moon also seems very much enlarged."

W. "I have; but pray, what is the reason of this?"

Mr. A. "Of course neither the sun nor the moon changes its size. It is your eyes that are deceived. You will know how, when you have learnt more about light. But what a number of new ideas this afternoon's walk has given you! I do not wonder that you found it amusing; it has been very instructive, too. Did you see nothing of all these sights, Robert?"

34. *R.* "I saw some of them, but I did not take much notice of them."

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Mr. A. "Why not?"

R. "I don't know. I do not care about them, and I made the best of my way home."

35. *Mr. A.* "That would have been right if you had been sent with a message; but as you walked along for amusement, it would have been wiser to have looked for as many amusing things as possible. But so it is—one man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; the one learns a great deal, the other very little.

"I have known sailors who had been in all the quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the public-houses in different ports, and the price and quality of the liquor. While many a thoughtless youth journeys across Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing a street for, one who uses his eyes and his mind finds knowledge and delight in every ramble in town or country. Do you, then, William, continue to make use of your eyes; and you, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to *use*."

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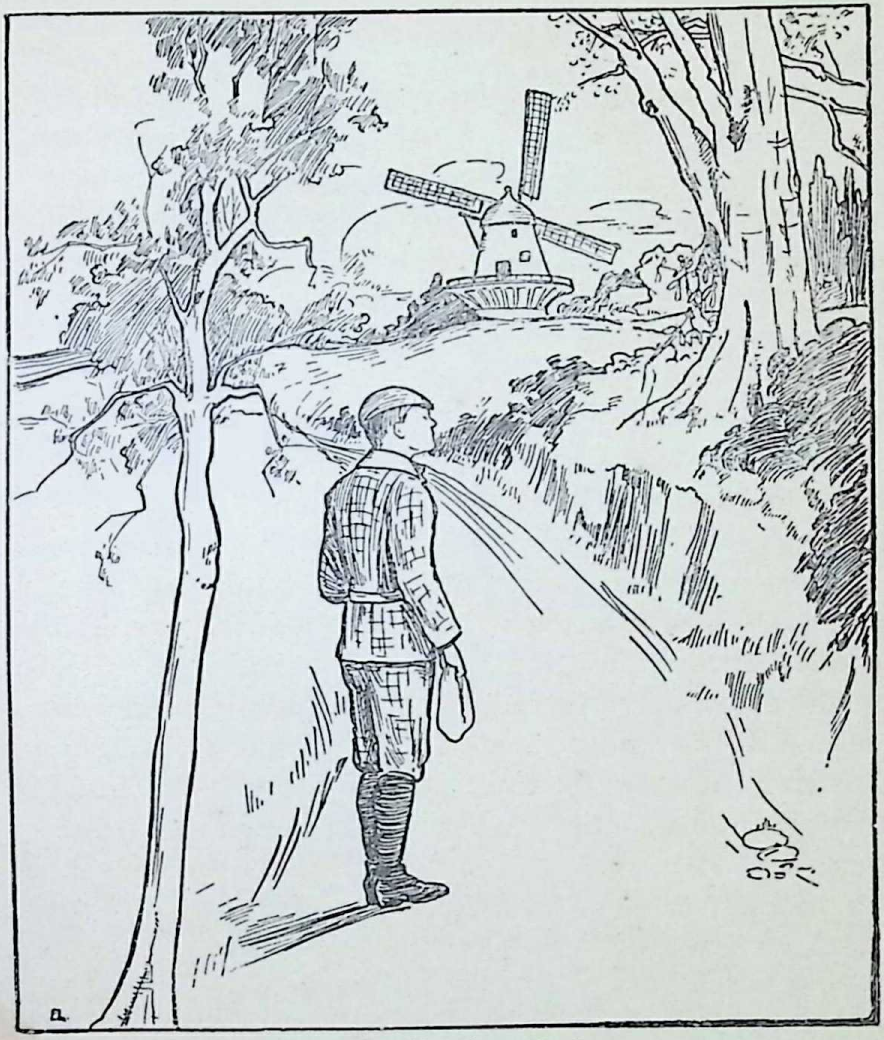

"It was an old crab-tree."—*Page* 2.

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ORDER AND DISORDER.

A FAIRY TALE.

JANE was a clever and good little girl, but she was often very careless. She could do her lessons very well, but as a rule, she took as much time in getting her things together as in doing her work.

If she had to do any sewing work, there was generally the work-basket to seek in one place, and the thread in another; the scissors were left in her pocket upstairs, and the thimble was rolling about the floor.

2. In writing, the copy-book was often missing, and the ink dried up; and the pens, new and old, all tumbled about the cupboard. Her slate and slate-pencil were never found together. In doing her exercises, the wrong book always came to hand first; when she was to read a chapter in the *New Testament*, she usually got hold of *Robinson Crusoe* instead.

3. Jane's mamma was almost tired of teaching her, so she sent her to visit an old lady in the country, a very good woman, but rather strict with young people. Here she was shut up in a

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room upstairs by herself after breakfast every day, till she had quite finished the tasks set her. This house was one of the very few that are still left where the fairies live.

4. One of these fairies, whose name was *Disorder*, took a pleasure in plaguing poor Jane. This fairy was frightful to look at, with her hair hanging about her face, and her dress put on all awry, and full of rents and tatters.

The old lady allowed *Disorder* to set Jane her tasks. One morning, she came up with a work-bag full of threads of silk of all colours, mixed and entangled together, and a flower, very nicely worked, to copy. It was a pansy, and the colours worked into each other in a beautiful way, just like a real flower.

5. "Here, Miss," said she, "my mistress has sent you a piece of work to do, and she insists upon having it done before you come down to dinner. You will find all you need in this bag."

6. Jane took the worked flower and the bag, and turned out all the silks upon the table. She slowly pulled out a red, and a purple, and a blue, and a yellow, and at length fixed upon one to begin working with. After taking two or three stitches, and looking at her model, she found another shade was wanted. She hunted this out

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also from the heap, though it took her a long while to find it.

7. It was soon necessary to change it for another. Jane saw that, going on at this rate, it would take days instead of hours to work the flower; so she laid down the needle and began to cry. After she had wept for some time, she was startled to hear someone stamping on the floor.

8. Taking her handkerchief from her eyes, she saw a neat little figure coming towards her. She was as upright as an arrow, and had not so much as a hair out of its place, or the least article of her dress rumpled. When she came up to Jane she said, "My dear, I heard you crying, and knowing that, after all, you are a good girl, I have come to help you. My name is *Order;* your mamma knows me very well, though this is the first time you ever saw me. But I hope we shall know one another better for the future."

9. She then sprang upon the table, and with a wand which she carried in her hand, she gave a tap upon the heap of mixed-up silks. At once the threads sprang apart and arranged themselves in a long row. All of the same colour went together, those nearest in shade being placed next each other. This done, the little Fairy disappeared.

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10. Jane, as soon as her surprise was over, went on with her work, and found it very easy and pleasant. She finished the flower by dinner-time, and was greatly praised for the neat way in which she had done it.

11. The next day, the ill-natured fairy came up with a great book under her arm. "This," said she, "is my mistress's house-book, and she says you must make out, before dinner, a paper showing what it cost her last year to keep her house; you must show how much she paid for clothes, rent, taxes, wages, and the like. You must state the amount of every article, under the heads of Baker, Butcher, Milliner, Shoemaker, and so on, taking care not to miss a single thing entered in the book. Here is a quire of paper and some pens and ink." So saying, with a wicked grin, she left her.

12. Jane turned pale at the very thought of this task. She opened the great book and saw all the pages closely written, but all the items mixed up. Here was, "*Paid Mr. Crusty for a week's bread and baking, so much.*" Then, "*Paid Mr. Pinch-toe for shoes, so much.*" "*Paid half a year's rent, so much.*" Then came a Butcher's bill, next a Milliner's, and again that of a Grocer.

13. "What shall I do?" cried poor Jane to

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herself, "where am I to begin, and how can I possibly pick out all these things? Was there ever such a difficult task? Oh that my good little fairy were here again with her wand!"

She had just said the words, when the fairy *Order* stood before her. "Don't be startled, my dear," said she, "I knew your wish, and made haste to come. Let me see your book."

14. She turned over a few leaves, and then cried, "I see my cross-grained sister has played you a trick; she has brought you the *Day-book*, instead of the *Ledger*, but I will set the matter right at once."

15. She went off and quickly returned with another book. In this one she showed Jane every one of the articles required written on the tops of the pages, and all the items entered under them from the Day-book. There was nothing for her to do but cast up the sums, and copy out the heads with their amount in single lines. As Jane could do addition well, she was not long in finishing the work. She had the account ready, neatly written on one sheet of paper, at dinner-time.

16. The next day Jane's tormentor brought her up a large box full of letters stamped upon small bits of ivory. There were capitals and small

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letters of all sorts, but jumbled up all together, as though they had been shaken in a bag.

"Now, Miss," said she, "before you come down to dinner, you must copy out this poem in these ivory letters, placing them line by line on the floor of your room."

17. Jane thought at first that this task would be easy enough, but, when she set about it, she found much trouble in hunting out the letters she wanted. Any letter but the one she needed came to hand, and she got on very slowly indeed. The poem was a long one, and it was plain that night would come before it was finished. Sitting down, and crying for her kind friend, seemed to be the only thing she could do.

18. *Order* was not far distant; indeed, she had been watching Jane all the while. She gave a tap on the letters with her wand and they arranged themselves at once in little double heaps; all the "A's" came together, all the "B's," and the rest of the letters; the small in one and the great in the other heap. After this, Jane's task went on so quickly that she called up the old lady an hour before dinner to see that the work was done.

The good lady kissed her. "I hope," said she, "you have now learned what a great friend *Order*

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is, while *Disorder* helps to make work very hard indeed. I shall no longer set you tasks to do by yourself, as you will now be able to help me."

19. Jane took such pains to please her, by doing everything with the greatest neatness, that she soon lost all her careless habits. When she was sent back to her mother, a number of presents were made to her, to remind her of the beauty of neatness and order.

THE ANT WHO WAS A GREAT TRAVELLER.

THERE was once a garden with high brick walls all round it. It was laid out in an old fashion. Under the walls were wide beds, planted with flowers, garden stuff, and fruit-trees. Next to the beds was a broad gravel-walk, running all round the garden, and the middle was laid out in grass plots, and beds of flowers and shrubs, with a fishpond in the centre.

2. Near the root of one of the wall fruit-trees lived a large colony of ants, whose underground home spread out over nearly the whole of one flower bed. One day, two of the ants met in one of the paths under ground.

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3. "Ha! my friend," said the first, "is it you? I am glad to see you. Where have you been this long time? All your friends have been in pain about you, lest you should have met with some accident."

"Why," replied the other, "I am, indeed, almost a stranger; for you must know, I have just returned from a long journey."

4. "A journey! Why, where have you been, and what for?"

"Oh! I went because I was curious. I had long felt a desire to know more about this world of ours, so at length I made up my mind to explore it. And I may now boast that I have been all round it, and that there is no part worth seeing that I have not seen."

"Wonderful! What a traveller you have been, and what sights you must have seen!"

5. "Why, yes, I have seen more than most ants, to be sure; but it has been at the cost of so much toil, and I have passed through so many dangers that I know not whether it were worth the pains."

"Will you please give me some account of your travels?"

6. "Willingly. I set out, then, early one sunshiny morning. After crossing our own land and

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the line of plantation which runs all round it, I came upon a wide, open plain. As far as the eye could reach, not a single green thing was to be seen. The hard soil was covered with large stones, which made travelling most painful.

7. "As I was toiling onwards, I heard a rumbling noise behind me, which became louder and louder. I looked back, and with the utmost horror, I saw an enormous rolling mountain coming towards me, so fast, that it was impossible to get out of the way.

8. "I threw myself flat on the ground, behind a stone, and stayed quite still, expecting instant death. The mountain soon passed over me, and I lay, I know not how long, as though I were dead. When I came to my senses, I began to stretch out my limbs one by one, and to my surprise found myself not in the least hurt; but the stone beside me was almost buried in the earth by the crash!"

"What an escape!"

9. "A wonderful one, indeed. I went on over the desert, and at length came to the end of it. Here I entered upon a wide, green tract of tall, narrow-pointed leaves. They grew so thick that it was with the greatest difficulty I could make my way between them. Indeed, I should often

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have lost my road, had I not taken care to keep the sun in view before me.

10. "When I had got near the middle of this region, I was startled with the sight of a huge, four-legged monster, with a yellow, speckled skin, which took a flying leap directly over me. A little further on, before I was aware, I ran upon one of those long, round, crawling creatures, without head, tail, or legs, which we sometimes meet with underground, near our own home. As soon as he felt me upon him, he drew back into his hole so swiftly, that he nearly drew me in along with him. However, I jumped off, and went on my way.

11. "With much labour, I got at last to the end of this difficult piece of country, and came to an open space like that in which we live. In the midst of it grew trees so tall that I could not see to their tops. Being hungry, I climbed up the first I came to, hoping to find some fruit; but after a weary search, I returned empty. I tried several others, with no better success. There were, indeed, leaves and flowers in plenty, but nothing on which I could make a meal; so that I might have died for want of food, had I not found some sour berries upon the ground, on which I made a poor meal.

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12. "While I was doing this, I met with a greater danger than any I had passed through. One of those two-legged, feathered creatures, which we often see to our cost, jumped down from a bough, and picked up in his large beak the very berry on which I was standing. Luckily, he did not swallow it at once, but flew up again with it to the tree; and in the meantime I jumped off, and fell, from a vast height, to the ground. Luckily, I was not much hurt.

13. "I crossed this plantation, and came to another land, green, like the first. After I had passed through it, I came suddenly to the side of a vast plain, which shone very brightly. I had never seen anything like it, and could not guess what it was. I walked along a fallen leaf which lay on the side, and came to the farther edge of it. Here I was filled with wonder to see another ant coming from below to meet me.

14. "I stepped forward to embrace him, but instead of what I expected, I fell headlong into the cold plain. I should have sunk, had I not quickly turned about, and caught hold of the leaf, by which I drew myself up again. And now I found this great plain was of that fluid which sometimes falls from the sky, and causes us so much trouble, by filling our holes.

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15. "As I stood wondering how to go on my journey, a gentle breeze arose. Before I was aware, the leaf I was upon was carried away from the solid land into this fluid, which, however, bore it up, and me along with it. At first I was much afraid, and ran round and round my leaf, in order to find some way of getting back; but I soon saw that this was impossible, and I gave myself up for lost. I thought I should never live to return to my home, and I was in a dreadful state. By and by I became less afraid, I even began to take some pleasure in the easy motion by which I was taken forward.

16. "But what new and wonderful creatures did I see living in this liquid land! Bodies of great size, covered with shining scales of many colours, shot quickly by me playing and sporting with each other. They had large heads and staring eyes, great wide mouths, but no legs; and they seemed to be carried here and there by means of small wings on various parts of their bodies. There was also one at the end of the tail, which waved to and fro all the time.

17. "Other smaller creatures, many of them with very queer shapes, were moving through the clear fluid, or resting upon its surface; and I saw, with terror, that large numbers of them

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were caught and eaten by the bigger ones I have told you of.

18. "When I had got near the middle, the surface of this plain became rough, and moved up and down, so as to toss my leaf and nearly upset it. I trembled to think what would become of me should I be thrown amongst all these terrible monsters. At last, however, I got safe to the other side, and with joy set my feet on dry land again.

19. "I went up a gentle, green slope, which led to a tall plantation like the one which I had passed through before. I crossed another green plain and another stony desert, and at length came to the opposite boundary of our world, where I saw the same great mound rising to the heavens which is seen on this side.

"Here I fell in with another nation of ants who lived much as we do. They invited me to their home, and fed and looked after me well.' They also took me over their country.

20. "There was a charming fruit-tree a little way off, to which we often went. One day, as I was enjoying myself in the heart of a greengage plum, I felt myself carried along with great swiftness till I got into a dark place. A horrid crash threw me upon a soft, moist piece of flesh.

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"The wrong book always came to hand first."—*Page* 14.

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Then I was driven forth in a torrent of wind and water, and found myself on the ground all covered with slime.

"I got free with difficulty, and, looking up, saw one of those enormous two-legged animals, which often shake the ground over our heads and frighten us.

21. "My new friends now began to hint to me that it was time to depart, for you know we ants are not fond of strangers. And lucky, indeed, it was for me that I went when I did. I had just left the place, and was going over a hill close by, when I heard behind me a tremendous noise. Looking back, I saw the whole of their settlement blown into the air, with a great explosion of fire and smoke. Numbers of half-burnt bodies, and the ruins of their dwellings, were thrown all around; and such a deadly vapour arose, that I lay for some time without sense or motion.

22. "From some of the poor ants who escaped, I learned that fire bursting from below had been the cause of the disaster. It was thought that the wicked, two-legged monster, from whose jaws I had had such an escape, knew something of the matter. Indeed, one of the brethren had seen him pouring into the settlement a number of black, shining grains.

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23. "On my return from this distant country, I kept along the boundary-wall, which I knew must at length bring me back to my own home. I met with several wandering tribes of ants in my road, and often joined them in search of food.

"One day, a few of us, led by the smell of something sweet, climbed up some lofty pillars. At the top, we found a large, round building with only one entrance. Winged animals, somewhat like ourselves in form, but many times bigger, were constantly coming in and going out. You may have met them, sipping the juices of flowers; they are armed with a dreadful sting.

24. "Whether they had made this great mansion, or it was built for them by some being of greater powers, I am unable to say. It seemed, however, to be the place where they store what they gather; for they constantly arrived with loads which they carried in, and then returned empty.

"We had a great wish to enter with them, but fierce looks, and a kind of angry hum which came from the house, made us hold back.

25. "At length, two or three of the boldest of our party, at a time when the entrance was pretty free, were brave enough to go in; but we soon saw them driven out in great haste, and

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trampled down and killed just at the gateway. The rest of us were glad to get away as quickly as we could.

26. "Two more adventures I had which nearly prevented my return to my own country. One evening, along with a friendly ant, I went to rest in an empty snail-shell. Such a shower of rain came on in the night, that the shell was soon filled. I awoke nearly suffocated; but luckily my head was turned towards the mouth of the shell. I rose to the top, and quickly crawled to a dry and safe place. My friend, who had got further into the shell, never rose again.

"Not long after, as I was travelling under the wall, I saw a curious round pit which grew narrower towards the bottom. On coming close to the brink, in order to look into it, the edge, which was of fine sand, gave way, and I slid down the pit.

27. "As soon as I reached the bottom, a creature with a huge pair of horns, and dreadful claws, came from beneath the sand, and tried to seize me. I flew back, and ran up the side of the pit; but he threw over me such a shower of sand that it almost blinded me, and nearly brought me down again.

"However, by using all my strength, I got

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out of his reach, and did not cease running till I was a long way off. I learned afterwards that this was the den of an ant-lion, a terrible foe of ours. Not being equal to us in speed, he makes use of this trap to catch his prey.

28. "This was the last of my perils. To my great joy, I reached home last night, where I mean to stay content for the future. One important thing I have learnt from my travels."

"What is that?" said his friend.

29. "Why, we ants think that everything in this world was made for us. Now I have seen lands where it would not be possible for us to live; I have met creatures larger and stronger than ourselves, and I now think that the world was made for them as well as for us."

"Perhaps you are right; but you had better keep this to yourself."

"Why so?"

30. "You know we ants are a vain race, and think that we are very wise. You will offend a great many, if you tell them this."

"But it is not wise to think thus of ourselves."

"Well, perhaps not, but do as you think proper. Good-bye, and thanks for the pleasure you have given me."

"Farewell."

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PERSEVERANCE AGAINST MISFORTUNE.

A STORY.

GEORGE was a lively boy with winning manners, but he had a failing; he had no patience. Anything he had to do he did with a will; but he could not bear to be put out. If the least thing went wrong, he threw up what he was about in a temper, and would not go on with it again.

2. His father, Mr. Carleton, had given him a bed in the garden, which he had tended with great delight. The borders were set with daisies, stocks, and other flowers and shrubs; and a beautiful red rose was in the centre. This rose was just budding, and George watched its growth with great interest.

3. One day the door of the garden was left open, and a drove of pigs entered, and began to run wild among the flowers and herbs.

As soon as they were seen, George and the servant boy rushed upon them, to drive them out. The whole herd ran off, and scampered across George's flower bed. All the flowers were trampled down or torn up; and, what was worst

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of all, an old sow ran against the beautiful rose-tree, and broke off its stem level with the ground.

4. When George came up and saw all the damage, and that his favourite rose was broken down, he could not speak for rage and grief. After standing awhile, the picture of sorrow, he snatched up a spade that stood near. With angry haste he dug over the whole bed, and buried the remains of his flowers deep under the soil. This done, he burst into tears, and left the garden.

5. Mr. Carleton saw from a distance his son's outburst of temper, and thought what a sad thing it would be if the boy, in growing up, did not learn to put a check on his passion.

6. He said nothing to him at the time, but in the afternoon he took George for a walk over a large, wild common near where they lived. At the edge of it was a neat farm-house, with fields lying around, all well fenced and cultivated.

7. Behind the house was an orchard of fine young fruit trees, and before it a little garden, gay with flowers. A stand of beehives was on the southern side, sheltered by a thick edge of honey-suckle and sweetbrier.

8. The farmyard was stocked with pigs and poultry, and a herd of cows was just coming

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home to be milked. Everything seemed to tell of plenty and good management, and George was delighted with what he saw.

9. "This place," said his father, "belongs to a man who has had greater misfortunes than any-one I know; all that you see is the reward of his own perseverance. I know him a little, and we will go in and beg a glass of milk, and try if we can get him to tell us the story of his life."

10. George was glad to go with his father, and the farmer gave them a hearty welcome. After they were seated, "Mr. Hardman," said Mr. Carleton, "I have often heard about your ad-ven-tures, and if you will kindly tell me and my little boy the story of them, we shall be much obliged to you."

11. "Well, sir," said he, "there's little in them worth telling, so far as I know. I have had my ups and downs in the world, to be sure, but so have many men besides. However, if you care to hear about them, I will do as you wish. It gives me pleasure sometimes to talk over past times, and to think how much better things have turned out than I might have expected.

12. "You may, perhaps, have heard that my father was a rich man. He thought of nothing, poor man! but how to spend his money, and he

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had the uncommon luck to spend it twice over. For when he was forced to sell his estate the first time, it was bought in by a relation, who left it him again by his will.

13. "But my poor father was not a man to take warning. He began to live as he had lived before, and just made his estate and his life hold out together. He died at the age of five-and-forty, and left his family beggars. I believe he would not have taken to drinking, as he did, had it not been for his bad temper. He used to fret and vex himself at every trifle, and then he tried to drown his care in liquor, which was very foolish.

14. "It was my lot to be taken by my mother's brother, who was master of a merchant ship. I served my uncle as an apprentice several years, and passed through most of the hardships of a sailor's life.

15. "He had just made me his mate, for a voyage up the Mediterranean, when we had the misfortune to be wrecked off the coast of Morocco. The ship struck at some distance from shore, and we lay through a long, stormy night, with the waves dashing over us. We thought every moment would be our last.

16. "My uncle, and several of the crew, died

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of cold or were drowned, and by morning only four of us were left alive. My companions were so weary and ill that they all wished to die, but I thought life still worth struggling for. The weather having become calmer, I got the others to join me in making a sort of raft, upon which, with much toil and danger, we reached the land.

17. "Here we were seized and carried up the country, as slaves to the emperor. We were made to work very hard, with the whip at our backs, and had only water and a kind of bean to eat. I have heard persons talk as though there was little in being a slave but the name; but they who have been slaves themselves, I am sure will never make light of slavery in others.

18. "The thought that they were to be slaves for life, and the hard treatment we met with, quite overcame my poor companions. They drooped and died one after another; I alone did not lose heart.

19. "We worked about twelve hours a day, and had one half-day holiday in the week. In my spare time I learned to make mats and baskets with rushes. I soon became so clever that I had a good many to sell; and by these sales, I got a little money with which to buy better food, and a few other things I needed.

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20. "We were afterwards set to work in the emperor's gardens; and here, by doing all I had to do with a will, I got into favour with the overseer. He had a large garden of his own, and he asked that I might work for him alone. This was granted, on condition that he paid a man to do my proper work.

21. "I soon became so useful to him, that he treated me more like a hired servant than a slave, and gave me wages. I learned the language of the country, and might have lived there the rest of my days very comfortably. But I did not like either their manners or their religion, and I could not forget my native land.

22. "I saved all the money I could, in order to buy my freedom; but the price was so high that I knew it would be many years before I had enough money. It fell out, however, that I was not to wait so long.

23. "Some bad men one night laid a plot to murder my master, and rob his house. I slept in a little shed in the garden, where the tools were kept. Being awakened by a noise, I looked out, and saw four men break through the fence and then walk up towards the house. I took my spade in my hand, crept out, and followed them.

24. "They made a hole in the wall of one

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side of the house, big enough for a man to pass through. Two of them had got in, and the third was going to enter, when I rushed upon them. With a blow of my spade, I killed one of the robbers, and I gave another such a stroke on the shoulder as made him fall to the ground.

25. "I then gave a loud cry to alarm the family. My master and his son got up, and having let me in, we seized the two who were in the house after a sharp fight in which I got a bad wound with a dagger.

26. "My master, being grateful that I had saved his life, had the greatest care taken of me; and, as soon as I was cured, made me a present of my liberty. He would gladly have kept me with him, but I was bent on returning to my native country. I at once set out to the nearest sea-port, and took my passage in a vessel which was sailing to Gib-ral-tar.

"From this place, I returned in the first ship for England. As soon as we arrived in the Downs, and I was in great joy at the sight of the white cliffs of Dover, a man-of-war's boat came up and pressed* into the king's service all of us who were seamen. I could not but think it hard

* When this tale was written, about 1792, and for many years before, it was a common custom to take men by force (or to kidnap them) for manning the Royal Navy. The officer and men with him who did this were called a "press-gang."

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that this should be my welcome home after a long slavery; but there was no help for it. I made up my mind to do my duty, and leave the rest to Providence.

27. "I was abroad during the rest of the war, and saw many a stout fellow sink and die. My knowledge as a sailor was of great use to me, and I soon became a sub-officer. At the peace* I was paid off, and received a large sum for wages and prize-money.

28. "With this, I started for London. I had known too much distress from want, to wish to squander away my money; so I put it into a bank, and began to look out for some new way of life.

29. "Now there were some things of which I knew no more than a child, and the tricks of London were among these. I was soon tempted by an artful fellow to put my whole stock into a business about which I knew nothing at all. I was not afraid of my labour, and I set about working as hard as I could, and thought all was going on well.

30. "One morning, on coming to the office, I found my partner had run off; and the same day I was put in prison for a large sum of money which he had taken.

* Probably the Peace of Paris, 1763.

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31. "It was in vain for me to think of getting bail, so I was forced to stay in prison. Here I should have been half-starved, but for my trade of mat-making. By the help of this, I lived for some months until I was set at liberty.

32. "I was now in the world without a farthing or a friend, but I thanked God that I had health and limbs left. I did not wish to trust the sea again, so I went to a nursery-man near town, and was taken on as a day-labourer.

33. "I set myself cheerfully to work, taking care to be in the grounds the first in the morning and the last at night. In time, I came to be a good workman, and was paid higher wages. I was well fed and comfortably lodged, and saved money into the bargain, and after a time I married.

34. "I took a cottage with an acre or two of land to it, and my wife's savings furnished our house and bought a cow. All my spare time I spent upon my piece of ground, which I made very fertile; and the profits of my cow, with my wages, kept us very well. No one, I think, could be happier than I was after a hard day's work, seated by my own fireside, with my wife beside me, and our little infant on my knee.

35. "After two or three years in this place, a

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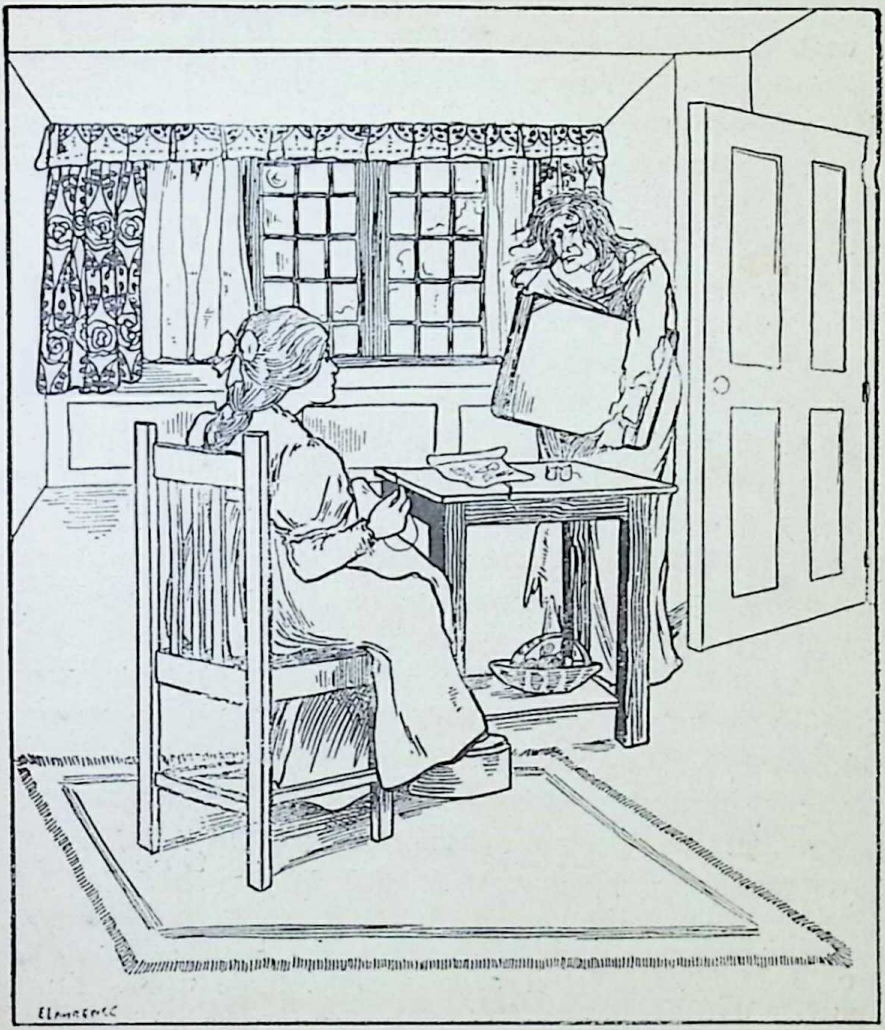

"The fairy came up with a great book under her arm."—*Page* 17.

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gentleman asked my master if he knew of an honest, hard-working man for a tenant upon some land that he had lately taken in from the sea. My master, willing to do me a kindness, spoke of me.

36. "I liked this offer, and went down to see the place. I took a farm at a low rent, and removed my family and goods to it, one hundred and fifty miles from London. There was ground enough for the money, but much was left to be done to it in draining, manuring, and fencing.

37. "Then it needed more stock than I was able to buy; so, against my will, I was obliged to borrow some money of my landlord. I began with a good heart, and worked late and early to get things into good order.

38. "My first misfortune was that the place was unhealthy to us. I fell into an a-gue, which pulled me down much. My wife got a slow fever, and so did our eldest child (we had now got two). The poor boy died; and what with grief and illness my wife was a long time before she got better.

39. "Then the rot got among my sheep, and carried off the best of them. I bore up against this trouble as well as I could, and, by the kindness of my landlord, got things pretty straight again.

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40. "As we were cheering ourselves with the prospect of better times, a dreadful storm arose. It was one night in February—I shall never forget it. The wind drove the waves with such fury against our sea-banks, that they gave way. The water rushed in with great force, and soon covered all my land. Two hours before daylight I was awakened by the noise of the waves dash-against our house, and bursting in at the door. When day appeared, we could see nothing from the windows but water.

41. "All the out-houses, the ricks, and the tools were swept away, and all my cattle and sheep drowned. The sea kept rising, and the force of the water bore so hard against our house, that we thought every moment it must fall. We clasped our babies to our breasts, thinking we could not escape death.

42. "At length we saw a boat coming towards us. With a good deal of difficulty it got under our window, and took us in, with a servant-maid and a boy who helped me on the farm.

"A few clothes was all that we saved; and we had not left the house half-an-hour before it fell, and in a minute nothing was to be seen of it. Not only the farm-house, but the farm itself was gone.

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43. "I was again a ruined man, and, what was worse, I had three others to share my ruin. My wife and I looked at one another, and then at our little ones, and wept.

44. "At least, thought I, this country is not Morocco. Here are good people that will pity our sad case, and perhaps help us. Then I have a good character, and a pair of hands. Things are bad, but they might have been worse.

45. "I wished to return to my old master, the nursery-man; but how could I take my family so far without money? I was much worse than nothing, for I owed a good deal to my landlord. He came down upon hearing the news of my misfortune, and though his losses were heavy, he not only forgave my debt, but made me a small present.

46. "Some kind neighbours did the same, but I was most of all touched by the kindness of our late maid-servant, who made me accept a crown piece which she had saved out of her wages. Poor girl! we had always treated her like one of ourselves, and she felt for us like one.

47. "As soon as we had got some necessary things, we set out on our long march. My wife carried her infant in her arms. I took the bigger child on my back, and a bundle of clothes in

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my hand. We could walk only a few miles a day, but we now and then got a lift in an empty wagon or cart, which was a great help to us.

48. "One day we met with a farmer returning with his team from market, who let us ride. He talked with me, and I told him of my troubles. Learning that I knew how to manage trees, he told me that a nobleman close by was making great plantations, and would very likely be glad to engage me. The farmer offered to carry us to the place.

49. "As all I was seeking was a living by my labour, I thought the sooner I got it the better; so I thankfully accepted his offer. He took us to the nobleman's steward, and told him our story. The steward wrote to my old master for a character, and when it arrived, he hired me as manager of a new plantation, and let me and my family live in a snug cottage near it. He gave me some part of my wages before I had earned them, to help me to buy a little furniture and food, and we had once more a home. Oh, sir! how many blessings are contained in that word to those who have known the want of it!

50. "I began my new work with as much joy as though the estate had been my own. My wife had enough to do in looking after house and

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children; so I had to provide for us all, and I may say I was not idle.

51. "Besides my weekly pay from the steward, I made a little money, in my spare time, by tending and pruning gentlemen's fruit-trees. I also had a piece of waste ground behind the house for a garden, and I spent a good deal of labour in bringing it into order.

52. "My old master sent me down, for a present, some choice young trees and flower roots, which I planted, and they grew wonderfully. Things went on almost as well as I could wish.

53. "Our little cottage being dry and healthy, my wife got back her health, and the children sprang up like young plants. I began to hope that I was almost out of the reach of further misfortune; but it was not so.

54. "I had been three years in this situation, when my master died. A young man, who was deep in debt, came into the estate; he at once put a stop to the planting and improving of it, and sent orders to turn off all the workmen.

55. "This was a great blow to me; however, I hoped to be allowed to keep my little house and garden, and I thought I should still be able to make ends meet. But a new steward was sent down, who asked me as much rent for the

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place as though I had found the garden ready-made to my hands. When I told him it was impossible for me to pay it, he gave me notice to quit at once.

56. "He would not allow me to take away my trees and plants, nor would he pay me anything for them. He meant, I found, to put in a favourite of his own, and set him up at my expense. I spoke out against this unkind act, but could obtain nothing but hard words.

57. "As I saw it would be the ruin of me to be turned out in that manner, I made up my mind to go up to London, and plead my cause with my new master. I took a sad leave of my family, and walking to the next market-town, I got a place on the outside of the stage-coach.

58. "When we were within thirty or forty miles of London, the driver overturned the coach, and I fell on my head, and was taken up senseless. Nobody knew anything about me; so I was carried to the next village and taken to the parish workhouse.

59. "Here I lay for a fortnight before I came to my senses. As soon as I knew what had happened and where I was, I was almost wild to think of the distress my poor wife must be in at not hearing anything of me. I lay another

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fortnight before I was fit to travel; for, besides the hurt on my head, I had a broken collar-bone, and several bruises.

60. "My money had somehow all got out of my pocket, and I returned home in a sad plight indeed, and found my wife very ill in bed. My children were crying about her, and almost starving.

61. "We should now have been quite lost, had I not raised a little money by selling our furniture, for I was yet unable to work. As soon as my wife was a little better we were forced to quit our house. I cried like a child on leaving my beautiful garden, and was almost tempted to destroy the flowers and trees rather than that another should unjustly reap the fruit of my labours. But I checked myself, and I am glad I did.

62. "We took lodgings in the village, and I went round among the gentlemen of the county to see if I could get work. In the meantime, the former steward came down to settle his accounts, and was much moved to find me in such a sad plight. He was a very able and honest man, and had been engaged by another nobleman to manage a large estate in a distant part of the country.

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63. "He told me, that if I cared to go with him once more, he would try to find me a new home. I had nothing to lose, and therefore was willing enough to run any risk, but I had no money to take my family to such a distance.

64. "My good friend, who was very angry at the way the new steward had treated me, said so much to him, that he at last made me an allowance for my garden; and with that I was able to remove. It was to the place where I now live.

65. "When I came here, sir, all this farm was a naked common, like that you crossed in coming. A dreary spot, to be sure, it looked at first, enough to sink a man's heart to sit down upon it. I had a little unfinished cottage given me to live in; and as I had nothing to stock a farm, I was for some years employed as head labourer and planter about the estate.

66. "By very hard working and saving, together with a little help, I was at last able to take a small part of the ground I now occupy. I had, however, many trials from bad seasons and other accidents.

"One year the distemper carried off four out of seven cows that I kept; another year I lost two of my best horses. A high wind once

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almost destroyed an orchard I had just planted, and blew down my largest barn.

67. "But I was too much used to misfortunes to be easily upset, and my way always was to repair them in the best manner I could, and leave the rest to Heaven.

68. "I have now lived here many years very happily, adding field to field, increasing my stock, and bringing up a large family with credit. My dear wife, who was my faithful partner through all the bad times, still lives to share the good ones. There are few couples in the kingdom, I believe, who have more cause to be thankful for their lot than we have.

69. "This, sir, is my story. You see it contains nothing very wonderful; but if your son learns from it that patience and perseverance will win in the end, the time you have spent listening to me will not be lost."

70. Mr. Carleton thanked the good farmer for his kindness in telling them the story of his life, and then took his leave. George and he walked home, talking on the way of what they had heard.

71. Next morning, Mr. Carleton, looking out of the window, saw George hard at work in his garden. He was carefully digging up his buried

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flowers, trimming and cleaning them, and planting them anew.

72. He had got the gardener to cut a slip of the broken rose-tree, and set it in the middle to give it a chance of growing. By noon everything was made neat and tidy, and the bed was well filled, though all its beauty was gone for the present. George looked pleased with his work; but his father felt more pleasure to know that Farmer Hardman's story had taught his boy a good lesson.

THE DISCONTENTED SQUIRREL.

IN a pleasant wood, on the western side of a range of mountains, lived a squirrel, who had passed two or three years of his life very happily there. At length he began to grow discontented, and one day he said to himself:—

"What! must I spend all my time in this spot, running up and down the same trees, gathering nuts and acorns, and dosing for months together in a hole. I see a great many birds in this wood who come and go just as they please.

"When Winter comes, they set out for some warm country far away, and thus they enjoy

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summer weather all the year round. My neighbour, Mr. Cuckoo, tells me he is just going; and then little Miss Nightingale will soon follow.

2. "To be sure, I have not wings like them, but I have legs that are nimble enough; and if I do not use them I might as well be a Mr. Mole or a Miss Dormouse. I daresay I could easily reach that blue ridge of hills which I see from the tops of the trees. No doubt it must be a fine place, for the sun comes straight from it every morning; and I often see it coloured with red and yellow, and many other fine colours.

"There could be no harm at least in trying, for I could soon get back again if I did not like the place. I am resolved to go, and I will set out to-morrow morning."

3. When Mr. Squirrel had thus made up his mind, he could not sleep at all that night for thinking of his plan. So at peep of day, taking with him as much food as he could easily carry, he began his journey in high spirits.

He soon got to the edge of the wood, and came to the open moors that reached to the foot of the hills in the distance; these he crossed before the sun was high, and then, having eaten his breakfast with a good appetite, he began to climb the side of the hill.

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4. It was heavy, weary work scrambling up the steep sides of the mountain, but the squirrel was used to climbing, so for a time he got on very quickly. Often, however, he had to stop and take breath, so that it was long past noon before he had reached the summit of the first cliff.

Here he sat down and ate his dinner, and looking back, he was filled with delight at the fine view. The wood in which he was born lay far below, and he felt glad, as he looked at it, that he had not been contented to live all his life in what seemed to him now so poor a place.

5. When, however, he looked about him, and towards the way he was going, he was not so pleased; for he saw that another high cliff rose up above him, and the top of it was far away. Poor Mr. Squirrel! he now began to feel stiff and tired. However, after a little rest, he set out again, though not so briskly as before.

6. The ground was rugged, brown, and bare; and to his great surprise, instead of finding it warmer as he went higher, and so came nearer to the sun, he felt it grow colder and colder. He had not been climbing for more than two hours before he was so tired that he could go no further. Sad at heart, he felt that he must try to return to his warm, snug nest before night came on.

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7. While he was thus thinking, dark clouds began to gather round the mountain, and the wood where he lived could no longer be seen.

Soon a heavy storm of snow and hail came down, driven by a strong wind, and beat upon poor Mr. Squirrel most pitilessly, so that he was quite unable to move either forward or backward. Besides, he had lost his road, and did not know which way to turn to reach the home he had thought so little of.

8. The storm lasted until night; and it was as much as he could do, cold and weary as he was, to crawl into a cave in a hollow rock, which was the best lodging he could find for the night.

"How much better I should be," thought Mr. Squirrel, "in my snug little nest. Oh! that I had not been so foolish as to leave my home."

9. His food was now all gone. Hungry and shivering, he crept into the far corner of the little cavern, and rolling himself up with his bushy tale curled over his back, he got a little sleep, though the cold, biting, whistling wind wakened him many times.

10. When the morning sun appeared over the distant tops of the mountain, Mr. Squirrel, half frozen and famishing with cold and hunger, came out of his dreary lodgings. He crept slowly

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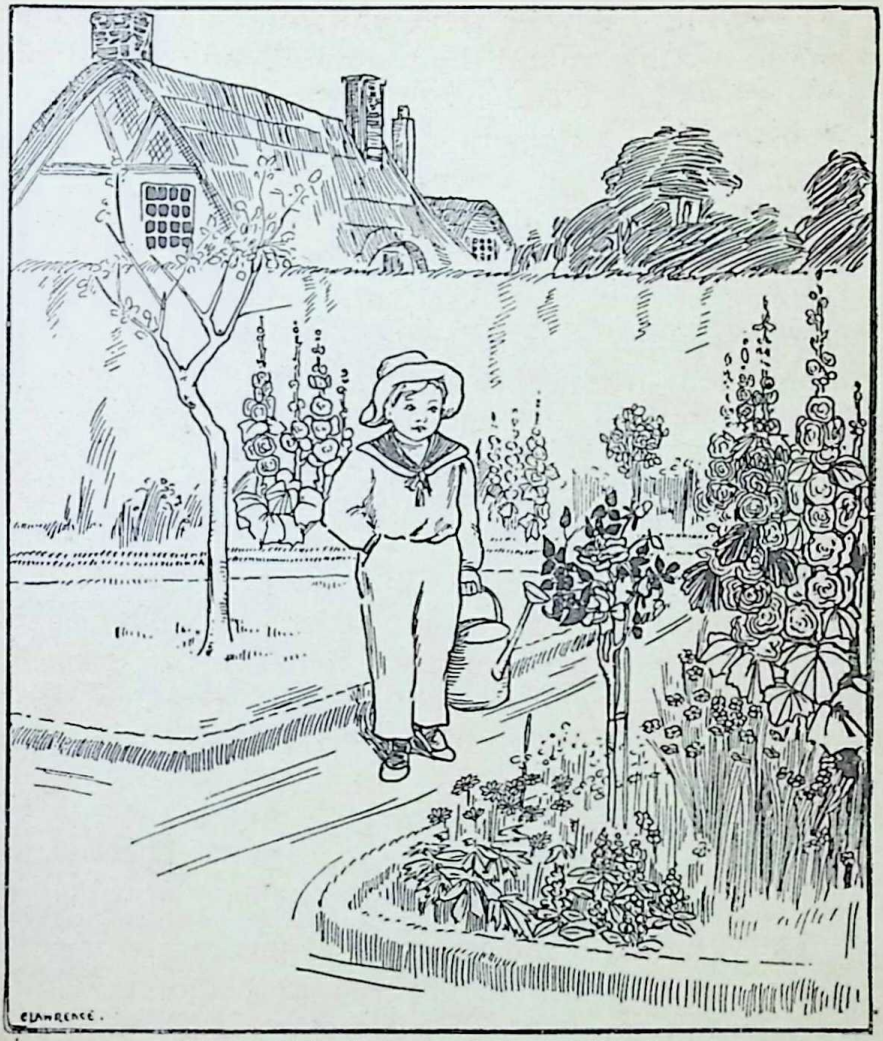

"A beautiful red rose was in the centre."—*Page* 32.

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towards the brow of the hill, that he might see which way to take. As he was creeping along slowly, a hungry kite, soaring in the air above, saw him, and pouncing upon him, carried him off in her claws. Poor Mr. Squirrel! he lost his senses with fright.

He was borne away very quickly indeed, and it seemed certain that he would become food for the kite's young ones. But an eagle who had watched the kite seize her prey, flew after her in order to take it from her. The eagle got up with the kite, and gave her such a knock as caused her to drop Mr. Squirrel in order to defend herself.

11. The poor animal felt himself falling down and down through the air for what seemed to him a long time, till at last he fell into the midst of a thick tree. The leaves and tender boughs broke his fall, but he was so stunned and breathless that it was some time before he came to himself again. However, no bones were broken.

12. What was his pleasure and surprise to find himself in the very tree in which he had built his nest.

"Ah!" said he, "my dear native place and peaceful home! never again will I leave thee to see a world that is so full of such dangers as those from which I have so happily escaped."

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THE DOG AND HIS RELATIONS.

KEEPER was a farmer's mastiff—honest, brave, and watchful. One day, as he was wandering some distance from home, he caught sight of a Wolf and a Fox sitting together at the corner of a wood.

Keeper did not like their looks, and though by no means afraid of them, he turned another way. The strangers, however, called after him, and asked him to stay.

2. "Surely, sir," said Reynard, "you won't disown your relations. My cousin Gaunt and I were just talking over family matters, and we both agreed that we had the honour of counting you among our cousins.

3. "You must know that, a very long time ago, the wolves and dogs were one race; but the dogs took to living with man in towns and villages, while the wolves kept their old way of life. As to my fore-fathers, the foxes, they were a branch of the same family, who settled farther northwards, where they became stunted in growth and began to live in holes underground. The cold has sharpened our noses, and given us a thicker fur and bushy tails to keep us warm.

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But we have all a family likeness which is plain to be seen; and I am sure it will be for our good to be real friends with each other."

4. The Wolf thought the same, and Keeper, looking closely at them, could not help feeling that they *were* relations. As he had a kind heart, he at once said he was ready to be friends with them.

They took a ramble together, and Keeper was rather surprised to see how much afraid of them some of the weaker animals were. He wondered at the hasty flight of a flock of sheep as soon as they came within view. However, he asked his cousins to come and see him at his yard and then took his leave.

5. They did not fail to come the next day, about dusk. Keeper met them kindly, and gave them part of his own supper. They stayed with him till after dark, and then marched off with many thanks.

The next morning, word was brought to the farm that a goose and three goslings were missing, and that two lambs were found killed and almost eaten in the Home Field.

6. Keeper was too honest himself to suspect others, so he never thought his cousins could have anything to do with the matter.

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Soon after, they paid him a second evening visit, and next day there was another loss, this time of a hen and her chickens, and a fat sheep. Now, Keeper could not help thinking they were guilty, and he blamed himself for taking the strangers in without his master's knowledge. However, he still did not love to think ill of his own relations.

7. They came a third time. Keeper received them coldly, and told them he should like better to see them in the daytime; but they replied, "We are sorry, but we have no time to call during the day." When they took their leave, he made up his mind to follow a little way behind and watch them.

8. A litter of young pigs was lying on the haystack, outside of the yard. As he went by, the Wolf seized one by the back, and ran off with him. The pig set up a loud squeal, and Keeper, running up at the noise, caught his dear cousin in the act.

He flew at Gaunt and made him drop his prey, though not without much snarling and growling. The Fox, who had been prowling about the hen-roost, now came up. "Oh dear," he cried to the Wolf, "how could you disgrace the family in this way?" Then, turning to

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Keeper, he said, "You do not think that I could do anything so wicked, do you?"

9. "Begone, scoundrels both!" cried Keeper, "I know you now too well. You may be of my blood, but I am sure you are not of my spirit. Keeper has no friendship for villains."

So saying, he drove them away and warned them that he would have no mercy on them should they come again.

THE KID.

ONE bleak day in March, Edith went for a walk across the moors. As she was going back home, she met a young kid that had strayed from its mother, and was now lost on the naked heath. The poor little creature was bleating pitifully, and was so cold that it could scarcely stand.

2. Edith took it up in her arms and pressed it close to her bosom. She ran home quickly, and begged her parents to let her keep it for her own. They gave her leave to do so, and at once Edith got a basket full of clean straw, and made a bed for him.

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She warmed some milk, and the poor creature drank it up eagerly, and then licked her hand for more. Edith was delighted; she rubbed his tender legs with her warm hands, and he soon began to frisk about. When tired, he lay down and went to sleep.

3. The next day, the kid seemed to be quite well. "Oh!" cried Edith, "we must give him a name, what shall it be?"

As he showed signs of being a good jumper, he was called "Capers." Within a few days, Capers trotted by Edith's side everywhere; he ran races with her in the home field, fed out of her hand, and was a great pet with everybody.

4. When Summer came, Edith gathered wild flowers, and wove them into garlands, and hung them round her pet's neck. But she could not keep him from munching his finery when he could reach it with his mouth.

5. Capers' horns now began to bud, and a little white beard grew at the end of his chin. He became very bold, and when he was not pleased he put his head down and made ready to fight. He butted little Colin into the dirt, and drove the geese away from their corn. Everybody said, "Capers is growing too saucy, he must be sent away, or taught better manners."

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6. Capers often wandered upon the common near by, as he loved to browse upon the short grass and herbs that grew there. Always, however, when his mistress called, he would run to her, and trot with her to the farm.

7. One fine summer day, Edith had finished her work, and wanted to play with her kid. As she could not find him about the house, she went to the side of the common and called aloud, "Capers, Capers!" expecting to see him come running to her as usual; but no Capers came.

8. She went on and on, still calling her pet with loving words, but nothing was to be seen of him. She began to feel afraid. "What can have become of him?" said she to herself. "I hope nobody has stolen him,—or perhaps the dogs have worried him. Oh, my poor Capers! I shall never see you again!" and Edith began to weep. She still went on looking all around, and calling every now and then, "Capers! where are you, Capers?"

9. After a while, she thought she heard a bleating like the well-known voice of her pet. She started up, and looked towards the place whence the sound came. At length she spied Capers peeping over the edge of a steep crag.

10. She held out her hands to him, and began

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to call again, but Capers took no heed. He was breathing the fresh breeze of the mountain, and was quite happy. He was where nature meant him to be, and did not give a thought to his kind, little mistress.

11. Poor Edith called till she was tired, and then walked sadly back to the farm to tell her father and mother of her trouble. She got her brother to go back to the hill with her, and they took a slice of bread and some milk to tempt the kid to return. But he had climbed still higher, and had joined the herd from which he had been lost. They were now all frisking and sporting together.

12. Capers had neither eyes nor ears for his old friends of the valley. He seemed to have forgotten them all, and was now as wild and free as any of the herd. Edith felt both vexed and sorry, and came back crying.

"The little ungrateful thing!" said she, "to leave me in this way at last!—But he was always a rover."

"Take care, then, Edith," said her mother, "how you set your heart upon rovers again."

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NOTE BY THE EDITOR OF THE SERIES.

The "Bright Stories" included in this little book are all taken from *Evenings at Home*, one of the most popular of children's books during the first half of the 19th century. The phraseology of the "Evenings" is somewhat old-fashioned, and the conditions of life of the 20th century differ so much from those obtaining in the last years of the 18th century, when the "Evenings" was written, that very many of the tales have lost their point and interest. But a number of them are just as amusing now as they were to our grandfathers and great-grandfathers, and the good lessons which they inculcate are as necessary and useful to-day as they were then.

Evenings at Home was written jointly by Dr. John Aikin and his sister, Ann Letitia, afterwards Mrs. Barbauld, and was published in six volumes between 1792 and 1795. The plan is a series of instructive tales or interesting talks, evening by evening for about seven months of the year, by a father to his boys and girls and their young friends.

John Aikin and his sister Ann Letitia were the only son and daughter of the Revd. J. Aikin, a Unitarian minister and afterwards tutor in the Dissenting Academy at Warrington. John was born in 1747, and studied for a doctor. He took his degrees, but did not practise long, for he devoted himself almost entirely to literature, and in 1796 became editor of the noted *Monthly Magazine*, which he conducted for several years. He was a great friend of Joseph Priestley, the noted scientist, Erasmus Darwin, the father of Charles Darwin, the biologist, John Howard, the philanthropist, and Robert Southey, the poet. He wrote a great deal, but his most important work was a *General Biography* in 10 volumes (1799-1815). He died in 1822.

Ann Letitia was born in 1743. She, like her brother, was a great writer, and published many poems which were once thought highly of. She assisted her father during the time he kept an academy for boys at Kibworth-Harcourt, in Leicestershire. In 1773 she married the Revd. Rochemont Barbauld, a dissenting minister residing at Palgrave in Suffolk. She and her husband started a boys' boarding-school, which became very famous, chiefly through Mrs. Barbauld's hard work and the great fame of her writings. *Early Lessons for Children* is considered her best work, and *Evenings at Home* (the greater part of which is hers), the next best. She died in 1825.

The selection here given consists of a few of the best of her stories. The language has here and there been simplified to fit the book for use in the Grade for which it has been prepared.—A.G.

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